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powerful champion of an opposite one, and threaten to subjugate the mass of the people ; an event, which, if it happen, must of course be followed by a bloody and disastrous revolution. Such at present seems to be the condition of these all-important branches of moral philosophy. We should feel ourselves highly gratified, if the cursory remarks we have now made on the subject, should induce any of the noble and gifted spirits of our own country, to turn their labors into this direction ; and can assure them beforehand, that their vigorous and persevering efforts, if made in a right spirit, will be rewarded by the general approbation of the wise and good, and by the consciousness of having rendered a great and lasting service to the world. No better model can be found for the conduct of such inquiries, whether we look at the excellence of the method pursued, or the splendid success with which it was applied, than the ‘ Essay on the Human Understanding.’ The writer, who shall do for Ethics and Politics, what Locke has done for Metaphysics, will deserve and obtain one of the highest places in the temple of true Glory.

ART. IV.—*Chansons de P. J. DE BÉRANGER.* 2 tomes. 12mo. Baudouin Frères Editeurs. Paris. 1826.

It is but of late years that any knowledge of foreign literature has been diffused among us. Most of those now upon the scene, can remember the time when the acquisition of the French language was no common one, and when he who had read *Don Quixote* in the original, or could understand Schiller in his own tongue, was indeed *rara avis*. Thanks, however, to the rapid increase of wealth, and to the general advance of cultivation, the time has passed when these attainments, of themselves, conferred on their possessors considerable distinction in society,—attainments of little value, save as they facilitate the farther acquisition of knowledge.

Still, however, the old proverb, that he knows most, who is aware that he knows nothing, is fully verified in our case ; for those alone, who are best acquainted with the stores of foreign languages, know with how small a part of them we are generally conversant.

The evil which we have stated to exist, it would however be idle to lament ; it is an evil that time will correct, and which it is even now rapidly correcting. Indeed, when we reflect on the great progress we have made in the few past years, on the increase of means of information, and on the re-publication of good classical authors, we find no cause to fear that we shall not keep pace with the hopes and wishes of the most sanguine.

We now beg permission to contribute our mite of labor to the great work, by calling the attention of the reader to the volumes which form the subject of this article, and to their author, Béranger.

To some we believe this name will be new ; and by them, perhaps, we shall not be credited, when we assure them, that he who bears it, is their contemporary, and is, or was by the latest accounts, enjoying the common blessings of heaven in the city of Paris. This obstacle overcome, we will endeavor to show that it is not owing to his being devoid of merit, that he has attracted no attention in this country ; but because our minds run in a different channel, and that while we have the names of political leaders by heart, and watch with interest the changes in the cabinet, we are too apt to pass over literary men, unless occupying the first place, and to pay them but little attention until the lapse of half a century has given them a claim to our admiration.

As the life of Béranger is intimately connected with the character of his works, we will interweave with our remarks on his songs, a short sketch of his life, which is not, we think, devoid of interest. If the reader detect any errors of time or place, he will, we hope, excuse them, when he reflects on the difficulty of composing a biography before the obituary be written.

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born, as he himself informs us, at Paris, in the year 1780. His maternal grandfather was a tailor, and under his roof it appears that our author first saw the light. Of his plebeian birth, we indeed are elsewhere informed in his song, entitled *Le Vilain*, in which he proudly assures us that he owes to no latent germ of nobility the *de* prefixed to his name, and the burden of which is,

‘ Je suis vilain et très vilain,
Je suis vilain,
Vilain, vilain.’

Béranger, starting on the lowest round of the ladder, necessarily rose, if he moved at all ; and accordingly, after being successively a waiter in an inn, and a reader in a printing-office, he received, in 1809, a clerkship in the University of Paris. This humble post,—for the salary was but twelve hundred francs per annum,—seems destined to be the apex of Béranger's fortune ; for a life of rather more than the average length has given him nothing better.

It is not to be supposed that the gay and spirited versification of Béranger is the result of study, or the production of a mature age ; but the earliest date of his songs is 1806, and the earliest in this collection goes back no farther than 1810.

The dawn of his poetical genius attracted the attention of Lucien Bonaparte, who was willing and able to assist the young poet ; but with that seemingly nervous love of independence, which he has evinced throughout his life, Béranger wholly refused his patronage.

The earlier songs of Béranger are generally light and often trifling vehicles of severe satire upon the morals and manners of the age ; but in the pursuit of their object, they too frequently overstep the bounds of modesty, and sometimes, those of common decency. But though we should be inclined to accept as an excuse for Béranger, that which has been generally offered and received for the abler satirists, whether of ancient or modern times, there still remain portions of his works, which the most lenient moralist must condemn as pernicious in their tendency, and which, the mildest critic must allow, owe their reputation to that of their author, founded on productions of a very different character. To this class belongs his *Bacchante*, a song which might have been hickuped forth at any drunken orgies in any age, and for which, in a city not famous for its morals, he was cited before the tribunal of Correctional Police ; and we could point out many others which would have subjected him to similar mortification, had indecency been scanned as closely as the dissemination of free principles.

During the government of Bonaparte, Béranger rarely or never interfered with politics. True, he occasionally indulges in an involuntary smile at the *sénateurs muets de l'empire*, but he was undoubtedly satisfied with the imperial rule ; and it is natural to presume that he, like many of his countrymen, while they saw the real and substantial benefit which they were surrendering for national glory, cheerfully acquiesced in the ex-

change, giving the public to understand, however, by many an innuendo, that they were perfectly aware of the terms of the barter.

Of his early songs, which, as a class, differ from those written at a later period, to which we shall hereafter have occasion to call the attention of the reader, we will give a specimen. *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, we think, is a fair sample of his productions during this time. And we give it the preference the more readily, that it seems to be a good-humored satire upon the Emperor himself.

‘ Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
 Peu connu dans l'histoire,
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
 Et couronné par Jeanneton
 D'un simple bonnet de coton,
 Dit on.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
 La, la.

‘ Il faisait ses quatres repas
 Dans son palais de chaume,
 Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
 Parcourait son royaume.
 Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,
 Pour toute garde, il n'avait rien
 Qu'un chien.
 Oh ! oh ! &c.

‘ Il n'avait de goût onéreux
 Qu'une soif un peu vive ;
 Mais en rendant son peuple heureux,
 Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
 Lui même à table, et sans suppôt,
 Sur chaque muid levait un pot
 D'impôt.
 Oh ! oh ! &c.

‘ Il n'aggrandit point ses Etats,
 Fut un voisin commode,
 Et modèle des potentats,
 Prit le plaisir pour code.
 Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira,
 Que le peuple que l'enterra
 Pleura.
 Oh ! oh ! &c.

‘ On conserve encore le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince.
C’est l’enseigne d’un cabaret,
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s’écrie en buvant
Devant,
Oh ! oh ! ’ &c.

We recognise in these verses, though in a greater degree in many others, that remarkable talent of versification, that perfect command of language, and that smooth flow of rhyme, which constitute no small part of the beauty of many of his early productions.

But though his songs were thus essentially French in their *character*, something more than this was necessary to distinguish them from the great mass of works of this class ; something more than this was necessary to engrave them upon the heart of every Frenchman, and to render their author the most popular living poet of France. It was requisite that they should be French in *spirit* ; that their subject should be France, ‘ *la belle France*,’ and that that subject should be treated with the devotion and exclusiveness of feeling, which it is almost the peculiar gift of that land, endeared by a thousand heart-stirring recollections, to inspire.—The opportunity was soon presented.

During the victorious course of the French arms, those who from Paris, the centre of the empire, looked out upon the unimpeded flight of their eagles, never failed in obtaining sympathy in their joy, nor did they need a poet to express in set terms, and in stanzas of a given length, those feelings which were poured forth without regularity or measure from their over-full hearts ; a bulletin from their Emperor announcing a battle gained, was sweeter music than any song, and the number of standards and cannon taken, formed the gayest chorus that ever was trolled in the streets of Paris ;—but it was when their eagles stooped from their victorious flight, and were driven cowering home towards their eyry ; when the sceptre was torn from the grasp of him who had won it by his own energies, and placed in the hands of one whose only title was a legitimate descent from a family, humbled in the eyes of the whole French nation ;—it was when France was reduced from an empire to a kingdom ; when the trophies of her conquests were torn from her ; when sympathy for the fallen was no safe,

and as far as the expression of it went, no common feeling ;— then it was, that the want of sympathy was felt by the friends of the fallen ; then the want was felt of one, who could express, in moving language, pity for the vanquished, contempt for the victorious,—one, by whom the frown of power would not for a moment be placed in competition with the smile of gratitude. Such an one was wanted, and at this crisis Béranger presented himself as the advocate of by far the greater part of the French nation. With rare powers of language, with an eminent talent for ridicule, he has embodied in his songs the spirit of the French people ; and this is the cause of his popularity. It is not that he is a *great* writer, for he might be found unequal to a long continued effort ; but that France is his idol, and that his whole soul is poured out in his descriptions of her former glory, and in his lamentations over her present state ; that in these national songs every true child of France sees reflected, as in a mirror, the feelings which animate his own breast. This has created his reputation ; this is the cause why his name is known, and his songs echoed, from Calais to Marseilles.

The first of the national songs in this collection, and among the most spirited of his productions, is entitled *Les Gaulois et les Francs*. It was written at the close of the disastrous campaign of 1813, when the French soldiers for the first time met with serious reverses ; but before their spirit was broken, and their self-confidence impaired by the pollution of their capital by a foreign foe, an event which Béranger, like all his countrymen, in this song regards with abhorrence, but scarcely admits to be within the range of possibility. When we look back upon France in those days, with a vivid recollection of her recent losses, and prospective calamities, this powerful chorus, so often repeated, rings in our ears like the sound of the trumpet, bidding to battle. But our readers shall judge for themselves.

‘ Gai ! gai ! serrons nos rangs,
Espérance
De la France.

Gai ! gai ! serrons nos rangs ;
En avant, Gaulois et Francs !

‘ D’Attila suivant la voix
Le barbare
Qu’elle égare

Vient une seconde fois
Périr dans les champs Gaulois.
Gai ! gai ! &c.

‘ Renonçant à ses marais,
Le Cosaque
Qui bivouaque,
Croit sur la foi des Anglais,
Se loger dans nos palais.
Gai ! gai ! &c.

‘ Le Russe, toujours tremblant,
Sous la neige,
Qui l’assiège,
Las de pain noir et de gland,
Veut manger notre pain blanc.
Gai ! gai ! &c.

‘ Ces vins que nous amassons
Pour les boire
A la victoire
Seraient bus par des Saxons !
Plus de vin, plus de chansons !
Gai ! gai ! &c.

‘ Pour des Calmouks durs et laids
Nos filles
Sont trop gentilles,
Nos femmes ont trop d’attraits.
Ah ! que leur fils soient Français.
Gai ! gai ! &c.

‘ Quoi ces monumens chéris,
Histoire
De notre gloire,
S’écrouleraient en débris !
Quoi ! les Prussiens à Paris !
Gai ! gai ! &c.

‘ Nobles Francs et bons Gaulois,
La paix si chère
A la terre
Dans peu viendra sous vos toits
Vous payer de tant d’exploits.

‘ Gai ! gai ! serrons nos rangs,
Espérance
De la France.
Gai ! gai ! serrons nos rangs ;
En avant, Gaulois et Francs !

During the remainder of the contest, which terminated in the exile of Napoleon to Elba, and during the time of his abode there, Béranger's lyre was, as before, tuned to gaiety and mirth; and to this period we must ascribe some of the most beautiful of his productions. We would mention as among the best, *Les Adieux de Marie Stuart*, *La Bouteille Volée*, and *Ma Vocation*; to all which a delightful versification, a strain of sentiment, now gay and lovely, now tender and pathetic, but at all times with the utmost skill adapted to his subject, impart a grace which not many authors have given to the song. But with the exception of a few light Satires, Béranger does not as yet appear to have had his attention fixed and concentrated upon those subjects, on which his more permanent fame was to be founded. His apparent indifference on matters which afterwards, in so powerful a degree, engrossed his attention, we can solve only by conjectures, which we will not press upon the acceptance of the reader. We can, however, understand upon what terms he was with the Bonapartists, from the fact, that during the Hundred Days, he was offered the lucrative office of the Censorship, which he however refused; and his refusal we attribute, not unreasonably, to his disapprobation of the principle that gives rise to that office, which he attacks throughout these two volumes, with his keenest satire,—satire which receives great point from this disinterested action.

But the time was now fast approaching, when Béranger was to lay aside his indifference, and devote all his powers to the overcoming of those difficulties, which lay in the course upon which he had already entered, and from which he was to deviate but rarely, in the after course of his life.

It was when the terrible campaign of 1815 had not only extinguished for ever the hopes of Napoleon's partisans, and fixed the Bourbons upon the throne, but had given a coalition of foreign monarchs a power in France, sufficiently galling and humiliating in itself, but rendered doubly so by their indifference for the sensitive feelings of the French,—then it was that Béranger, striking his lyre with a freer and bolder hand, once more appeared upon the stage as the advocate of France, and France's glory, and the opponent of those, who, in his eyes, were pursuing a course tending only to suffering and humiliation.

In the *Marquis de Carabas*, he attacked with all his powers of satire, the pride and arrogance of the emigrant noblesse, on

their return to their seignorial possessions ; in *Plus de Politique*, he bewails in moving strains the recent reverses of France, and recounts the glory acquired under a former dynasty ; in the *Cocarde Blanche*, written in 1816, to celebrate the first entry of the Allies into Paris, with the most biting irony he boasts of the triumphs of foreigners, and of the humiliation of the French name ; of his *Sainte Alliance Barbaresque*, the matter and manner may be easily divined ;—but it were needless to repeat the titles of all the songs in which he inveighed against the dominant government, its tools, and its measures ; the list would be no short one, and a catalogue is, of all things, the most unsatisfactory. Béranger, to be correctly appreciated, must be read and re-read, and examined minutely, for he is no easy author ; perhaps it would be difficult to select any living writer, whose works present more real obstacles to the student.

Suffice it to say, that they were of sufficient number and severity, to point out their author as a mark for vengeance to the one party, and to make him the avowed champion of the other ; dangerous honors, usually gained but by extraordinary exertion, and deserved by extraordinary suffering. Béranger was not to be an exception to the rule. The wrath of his enemies, however, long remained ungratified, probably because, his songs being published in the gazettes and other periodical works of the day, it would have been difficult to identify the author. Whatever may have been the cause, he certainly remained unharmed until, in 1821, he published his *Recueil*, in which, together with his satirical and amorous songs, were inserted all the most invidious of his national or political pieces, without retrenching or curtailing anything, even of their harshest features.

If we examine his condition at this, the most fortunate period of his life, we shall be better able to appreciate the boldness and independence, which prompted him to this hazardous act. His whole income amounted, as we have already stated, to a miserable pittance of twelve hundred francs per annum, received from his clerkship, which, with great truth, he repeatedly calls a *modique emploi* ; but this office was held at the pleasure of the Council of the University, and this body, as it proved afterwards, (but what else could be expected ?) was entirely under the control of those whom Béranger had most reason to consider his enemies.

That at this time his situation was far from being one, which,

even under a free government, would be esteemed independent, the reader may determine to his own satisfaction, by turning to but a few of those songs, in which he portrays himself. In *Ma Vocation*, he says,

‘ D’une vie incertaine
Ayant eu de l’effroi,
Je rampe sous la chaîne
Du plus modique emploi.’

And the following stanza, from his *Mon Habit*, is to the same effect.

‘ Je me souviens, car j’ai bonne mémoire,
Du premier jour où je te mis.
C’était ma fête, et pour comble de gloire,
Tu fus chanté par mes amis.
Ton indigence, qui m’honore,
Ne m’a point banni de leurs bras.
Tous ils sont prêts à nous fêter encore ;
Mon vieil ami, ne nous séparons pas.’

For any one, the open expression of compassion for the fallen dynasty was at this time no safe procedure ; but when the same person, and one by no means, from his rank in life, enabled to brave those in power, added contempt for the reigning family and its measures, his conduct seems either madness or a total forgetfulness of self ; which of these it was, we will not attempt to determine ; it has already been examined by severer judges, and their decision we shall report.

The publication of his *Recueil*, which contained the songs in the first and half of the second volume of the present edition, drew down upon the head of Béranger at once, as we have already stated, the long delayed vengeance of his enemies. They selected the surest and most direct means of annoyance. By the immediate interference of the minister, as he tells us in a note to his *Adieux à la Campagne*, he was removed from his clerkship, and in November of the same year, he was cited before the *Cour d’Assises*, to reply to the charges made against him on the part of the crown, by the attorney general. In a trial, in which we will not believe that his accusers were guilty of twisting laws, which already bore but too directly upon their object, he was convicted, and on the eighth of December condemned to imprisonment. The sentence was executed, and Béranger was confined in the prison of St Pélagie.

The restraints to which he was there subjected, were rendered much less galling by the kindness of his numerous friends; and most of his pieces written while there, are songs of acknowledgment for their attentions. The spirit of his muse, as shown to us in the remainder, does not seem at all impaired by the harsh treatment she had received; and his song *La Liberté*, in its gay yet keen irony, equals his best efforts in his best days. But if his muse did not lose her spirit, her fecundity was certainly much lessened, for we have scarcely a song per month during his abode at St Pélagie.

His confinement was of short duration, six months, we believe; and in the summer of 1822 he again made his appearance in Paris, with a reputation greatly enhanced in the eyes of his countrymen, but wholly destitute of the means of support.

In such a situation, it would be difficult to evince a more thorough love of personal freedom than he manifested in declining a proposal made to him by Mr Lafitte, offering him a place in his *bureau*. The offer was made, it would seem, in all friendship, for we cannot believe that the wary banker could have flattered himself with the hope of remodelling the poet into a scribe or accountant; but it was rejected after but little deliberation by Béranger, in those spirited lines entitled *Les Conseils de Lise*, which, as they present in a very striking light some prominent features of the author's character, we will give at full length. We should previously remark, that *Lisette*, or *Lise*, is the heroine of the greater number of his songs; many of his most spirited satires are addressed to her, and to her inspiration, perchance, it is that we are indebted for them. But far are we from attributing the virtue of constancy to Béranger; in this respect he has been, it must be confessed, guilty of great poetical license. The honor of his admiration is no peculiar one, shared as it is by Rose, 'ma Jeannette, ma Jeanneton,' Phyllis, and Cupid only knows how many more.

'Lise à l'oreille

Me conseille;

Cet oracle me dit tout bas;

"Chantez, monsieur, n'écrivez pas.

"Un doux emploi pourrait vous plaire,"

Me dit Lise, "mais songez bien,

Songez bien au poids du salaire,

Même chez un vrai citoyen.

Rester pauvre vous est facile,
 Quand l'Amour, afin de l'user,
 Vient remonter ce luth fragile,
 Que Thémis a voulu briser."

Lise, &c.

" Dans l'emploi qu'un ami vous offre,
 Vous n'oseriez plus, vieil enfant,
 Célébrer au bruit de son coffre
 Les droits que sa vertu défend.
 Vous croiriez voir à chaque rime
 Les sots doublement satisfaits,
 De vos chansons lui faire un crime,
 Vous en faire un de ses bienfaits."

Lise, &c.

" Craignant alors la malveillance,
 Vous ririez moins de ce baron,
 Courtier de la Sainte-Alliance,
 Qui des rois s'est fait le patron.
 Dans les fonds de peur d'une crise,
 Il veut que les Grecs soient déçus ;
 Pour avoir l'*endos* de Moïse,
 On fait banqueroute à Jésus."

Lise, &c.

" Votre Muse en deviendrait folle,
 Et croirait flatter en disant
 Que sur la droite du Pactole
 Intrigue et ruse vont puisant ;
 Tandis qu'une noble industrie
 Puise à *gauche*, et de toute part,
 Reverse à flots sur la patrie
 Un or dont le pauvre a sa part."

Lise, &c.

' Ainsi mon oracle m'inspire,
 Puis ajoute ce dernier point ;
 " Des distances l'amour peut rire ;
 L'amitié n'en supporte point.
 Riche de votre indépendance,
 Chez Lafitte toujours fêté,
 En trinquant avec l'opulence
 Vous boirez à l'égalité."

' Lise à l'oreille

Me conseille,

Cet oracle me dit tout bas ;

" Chantez, monsieur, n'écrivez pas."

We have said that a portion of the songs in the present edition, namely, those composed by the poet down to 1821, were in that year published by him under the title of his *Recueil*. The remainder of those in the second volume, bear the title of *Chansons Nouvelles*, being those which he has written from the commencement of the legal proceedings against him, down to the year 1825. Among the latest are *Lafayette en Amérique*, and *Le Chant de Victoire des Ottomans*, written soon after the horrible massacre at Psara or Ipsara. Its chorus,

‘ Exterminons une race invincible,
Les rois Chrétiens ne la vengeront pas,’

is the severest satire ever uttered upon the conduct of Europe during this contest.

One word as to the merit of these *Chansons Nouvelles*, for we feel ourselves bound to bestow upon them, in some respects, peculiar commendation. Age (for Béranger is somewhat past his prime), age and hard fortune have exerted their chilling influence upon the warmth of his temperament; and though they have been unable to repress his ardor, they have at least changed its direction, and have given it a moral instead of a physical character. In these later productions of his muse, he has in a great measure laid aside the trifling of his early days; and while *Le Malade*, *Les Esclaves Gaulois*, addressed to M. Manuel, on his expulsion from the Chamber of Deputies, and *Le Chant du Cosaque*, are a proud testimony that suffering has not rendered him less daring or more prudent, we could point out but very few pieces of that class, to which, in the earlier part of his poetical career, his muse largely contributed, and which were indebted for their circulation solely to the satire they contained.

The present edition, in which the *Recueil* is reprinted, and the *Chansons Nouvelles* for the first time published, obnoxious as it must have been, was followed by no injurious consequences to its author. To his fortune they had done their worst, and they had probably discovered that civil proceedings against Béranger but redounded to their own disadvantage; for in every such case notoriety is reputation to the accused (be he injured or not), and the odium recoils upon the accuser.*

* Since the above was written, and since the unfortunate termination of the process instituted against Béranger, for the publication of

What the present condition of Béranger is, we will not be so curious as to inquire ; but we will hazard the conjecture, that, though certainly in a lamentable degree destitute of the goods of fortune, still, free from the embarrassments of wife and child, he is joyfully received at the tables, and the hardships of his condition greatly alleviated by the kindness, of those whose valets would not, on the score of property, change places with the poet.

Here concludes our short sketch of the life of this man, to whom our readers will not, we hope, refuse the epithet of remarkable. Born of humble parents, and cast upon the lowest spoke of the wheel of Fortune, in spite of her malicious efforts to throw him off, he has clung to it during its revolutions, until the goddess, mollified, as it were, by his perseverance, has bestowed upon him a boon which would be gladly grasped by most men, namely, a most extensive and popular reputation. As a party writer he has rendered himself obnoxious to one great political sect throughout the kingdom, and has made himself an equal favorite with the numerous faction that is arrayed on the other side. His poems have been already reviewed by Tissot, who, in a most commendatory essay has (a wonder for a French critic) openly avowed that he prefers Béranger's Lisette to the classical mistresses of Propertius and Tibullus. The man of letters must set a high value upon his works, for he is aware that the National Song, a portion of the French literature which may be said to have taken its rise in the *Chant Marseillais* and the *Chant du Départ*, owes the prolongation of its existence almost entirely to the talents of Béranger ; and he is forced upon the attention of the *négo-ciant*, who hears his songs far more frequently than any others, in the mouths of the common people.

We may be thought enthusiastic ; and we confess that we find something to excite enthusiasm in the character of one, who, despising alike the favors of fortune and of power, has devoted himself and his talents to his country. Blind and selfish though his affection may be, still it is a noble selfishness, and one that excuses much that we should not otherwise so

his *Chansons Inédites*, the name as well as the works of this author are far better known amongst us ; so much so, indeed, as to render some of our previous remarks on his reputation apparently inapplicable.

lightly pass over. The levity, the voluptuousness, the vanity, nay, the coxcombrity of talent, which abound in many of his songs,—all these blemishes we excuse, when we remember how often he throws off this veil which shrouds his more estimable qualities, and displays to us, in its true light, the feeling, or rather passion, which burns beneath them,—an ardent and unquenchable love of freedom.

Should any inquisitive readers, after the sketch of the mind of Béranger which we have attempted, request of us that of his person, we would comply with their demand in his own words, from his song entitled *Ma Vocation*, which we have already noticed as among his best, and tell them that he is

‘Laid, chétif, et souffrant ;
Etouffé dans la foule
Faute d’être assez grand.’

Thus nature has, in one of her not uncommon freaks, inclosed in a rough and unsightly casket, treasures which no adventitious circumstances have proved able to conceal. But we will not lavish any more commendatory epithets upon Béranger or his work ; for on looking over our article, we are apprehensive lest we should be misunderstood, and lest the unquestioned beauty of some of his songs should have led us into somewhat too unqualified an expression of admiration of the *tout ensemble*. To our extracts, we trust no reader of good taste will refuse to award the same amount of praise that we have bestowed upon them ; but, nevertheless, for the sake of our national character, and our claims to a superior degree of moral sense, we should be extremely sorry to see these two volumes in general circulation among us.

However then, for the time, we ourselves may have been misled, we would not that the injury should extend any farther. Our opinion is, in a word, that to the young and inexperienced, a *selection* from the songs of Béranger would be, both as very difficult poetry, and as models of beautiful writing, a most agreeable and useful acquisition ; but it is only to the more mature and stable, those whose heads are not turned by the mere sound of a French rhyme, it is to those only that we should be willing to commit this collection, unexpurgated. To them no injury can be apprehended from the grossness, the licentiousness, and the frivolity, that pervade his

earlier works ; and from this dross they will be able to extract much of precious metal, the smelting of which could with no propriety be confided to younger hands.

ART. V.—*An Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution.*

By SAMUEL G. HOWE, M. D., late Surgeon in Chief to the Greek Fleet. 8vo. New York. 1828. pp. 452.

WE believe that, after all that has been said and written in this country about the affairs of Greece, their importance is not yet justly appreciated. We believe that the contest, which was commenced about eight years and a half ago in that country, and is still going on in the East, is, both directly and in its consequences, much more momentous than is generally supposed, by those who have not carefully contemplated it. We have seen the name of a revolution sneeringly denied to the Grecian struggle ; and attempts made, not only to stigmatize it as a mere insurrection, but to give it the character of a predatory and piratical movement, such as occasionally breaks out in strong governments, and, after some acts of violence and bloodshed, is happily crushed. Such is not the view we take of the subject. The revolution now in progress in Greece, differing certainly in some important respects from our own, is in others of equal importance. The numbers actively engaged in carrying it on, or whose political condition is to be decided by its result, are little if any beneath those of the British North American colonies in 1775. And although our population of that day was destined to an immediate increase, far greater and more rapid than any increase of numbers which, in any event, can be expected in revolutionary Greece ; still the happy soil of that country, under institutions favorable to the progress of society, would easily support a population about ten times as large as the present, and would not then be more densely inhabited than Italy. The Grecian revolution has now been in progress more than eight years ; a longer period than elapsed from the commencement to the termination of our war of Independence. It appears to us, that this duration of the struggle gives it a claim to be distinguished from a mere disorderly and